Tyl of breyntfords testament.

Newly compiled.

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DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

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Seldon d. 33 (R)

Sr Clarence & Jyllyan with your compan
I pray you tyll you dine to noche of that mut
I promyse you that it is very queysly
And ore ye be ware wyll make your bely button

Make no thought good syr, how I shal be sy
But come you nere, & take parte of our swyllyn
Leave your countesy, I pray you be prid
And comer your head, I be shrew the sylyng

¶ Prologus of Robert copland the auctor.

T Brent ford on the weſt ſyde of London
Nygh to a place ỹ called is Syon
There dwelt a widdow of a homely ſort
Honeſt in ſubſtaunce, & full of ſport
Dally ſhe coud, w̄ paſtime & Jeſtes
Among her neyghbours and her geſtes
She kept an īne, of right good lodgyng
For all eſtates that thyder was comyng
It chaunced this wydow as it is ſuppoſed
In her ſport, and meryly diſpoſed
After her deth, for a remembraunce
Thaught to haue ſome matter of paſtaunce
For people to laugh at, in ſuche company
As are diſpoſed, for to talke meryly
Wengled with many prayre ſcoffes and boordes
Of ſondry tauntes, with ſome mery woordes
The which I haue hard at many ſeaſons
Full of paſtyme, with prety reaſons
For yf any dyd a thyng ouerthwart
They ſayd euer ye ſhall haue a fart
Of Jyll of Braineford, for your payne
The which ſayng, oft troubled my brayn
For I neuer knew what the matter was
Nor coud the meanyng bryng to pas
Tyll at the laſt vpon a day
I met yon Johñ hardle ſay
A mery felaw in eche company
Which ſayd Copland, thou lokeſt drye
The truth quod I is as ye ſay
For I dranke not of all thys day

And of a thort tale to make an ende
To the read lyon at the shamels end
We went for to drynke good ale
And as he was tellyng his tale
I offred hym for to drynke first
Copland quod he, art thou a thyrst
And bydeth me a fore the to drynke
To my Iugement I do thynke
Of Iyll of Brentford worthy thou art
Be her bequest to haue a fart
And truly now is come to my mynde
Not long ago, how I dyde fynde
An old scrow, all ragged and rent
Besemyng it is some mery entent
As druers say that do it rede
But galaunt toyes ther semes in dede
It is so antyk, broken, and to raced
That all the chyef is clene defaced
Take it, and I pray the hertyly
Loke therein, and yf thou elpy
That it be of any substance
Of myrth or of honest pastaunce
And where thou spyest that it dooth want
Or where for lack the matter is scant
Put to it as is accordyng
To the mater in every thyng
Bere it with the, and take some payne
The poore mare shall haue his man agayn

When Frame home, at laysure
My hert not partytly at pleasure

For the los of a certayn frynde
As good knowes few be to fynde
For recreacion I it toke
To pas the tyme ther on to loke
And of trouth oft in the redyng
It dyd styre me to fall on smylyng
Conslyderyng the pretty pastyme
And rydycle ordre of the ryme
The couert termes, vnder a mery sence
Shewyng of many the blynd in solence
Cauntyng of thynges past and to come
Where as my selfe was hyt with some
And for that cause I dyd intend
After thys maner to haue it pende
Prayeng all them that mery be
If it touch them not to blame me
Canende of the prologue

Here foloweth the preface and testament of maystres Fyllyen of Brentford

This mery wydow maistres Fyllyan
On a day dyspoled ioyfully
By any way that I presuppose can
Ordeyned a lytell banket of deinty
At the whiche, to bere her company
For certayne of her neyghbours she sent
And for her Curat to be ther present

Prayeng hym for to bryng paper and ynke
To wryte som what after her entent
She made hym chere of her meat and drynke

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That doone she layd, this is myne intent
That you as now shall wryte my testament
For I do fele that age dooth me oppresse
Good is to haue all thyng in redynesse

My neighbours here shalbe W̄ you recorde
How I am penytent at this makyng
And hole of minde now thankes to our lord
Howbeit I haue oft a shrewd shaking
ye shalbe pleased for your payn takyng
ye mayster quod he I am your curate
I am bound to serue you erli and late

Well than quod she, In dei nomine Amen.
My soule I bequeth to our lord almight
He hath it, maed it is his own then
He hath it bought, it is his beryght
In hr ien to be in the eternall lyght.
And to the erth I bequeth my body
It is his own I can it not deny

My synnes all I comyt to the deuyll
Let hym take them with hym to hell
For he was the causer of all myn euyll
My goodes to the world yt I do well
For they be his I can it not expell
Her I found them, here they must remayn
Saue lamest name, I leue nothyng certain

Now vnto my frendes, reason is I should
Haue a lynguler aspect bi nature
I gyue vnto them all that they hold

Asmoche as I do to any creature
yf they gete ought then are they sure
After my dethe yf they do for me
I bequeth to them of my charyte

But now good syr I pray you for to take
this cup of ale, and drynke ones for god sake
for I am dysposed to rewarde a dole
To all maner people thorow a hol
For I wold not haue to ouer moche preas
Least that w̄ throng my almes shold ceas

Now ye haue dronk ones good goostly father
I trust for to make an ende the rather

And write as I do byd you hardyly
I bequethe a fart to hym that is angry
With his frend, and wotes not why

To hym that selleth al his herytage
And all his lyfe lyueth in seruage
I bequeth a farte, for hym in his aege

He that settes by no man, nor none by hym
And to promocion fayn wold clym
I bequethe a fart, for to make hym trym

He that wyll not lerne, and can do nothyng
And with lewed folk, is euer conuersyng
I bequethe a fart, toward his lyuyng.

He that borowyth, with out aduantage

And euermore renneth in arrerage
I bequeth a fart, for to lye to gage

He that geueth, and kepeth nought at all
And by kyndnes to pouerte dooth fall
Shall haue a fart to helpe hym with all

He that is euer way ward at hart
And with euery man is ouer wart
For to please hym I bequethe a fart

He thay hath drynke in his hand and is dry
Byddyng him drinke fyrst ỳ standeth him by
I bequeth a fart his thyrst to satysfy

He that hath a faire wenche in bed all night
And kyssyng her not onse or it be day lyght
Shall haue a fart to clense his eye syght

He that lendeth a horse w̄ all thynges mete
And on his own vyage gooth on his fete
Shall haue a fart to kepe hym fro wete

He that suffreth all maner of offence
And loseth his goodes through neclygence
Shall haue a farte for a recompence

He that taketh a wyfe and haue nothyng
And boroweth all thyng to them belonging
I wyll a fart toward theyr offryng.

He that prepareth not for his houshold

Agaynst wynter, and hym selfe is olde
Shall haue a fare to kepe hym fro colde

The that gooeth to a feaste to sup or to dyne
And hath no knyfe Wh hym neyther cours nor fyne
Shall haue a fart for to drynke Wh his wyne

The that horoweth tyll none wyll lend hym
And sweareth so moche, tyll non wyll beleue hym
Shal haue a fart for to relue hym.

The that mourneth for that he cannot haue
And vnpossyble to get that he dooth craue
Shall haue a fart as a folysh knaue

He that dooth nothyng but shaue and poll
And taketh no thought for to saue his soll
Shall haue a fart my passyng bel to toll

A prentyce or seruant that wyll not obay
And wyll not lerne but ofte ren a way
A fart for hys fredom I do pouruay

He that suffreth his wyfe to do her lust
And seeth that to foly she is full trust
Shall haue a fart though I sholde burst

A wydow that ones hath ben in the brake
And careth not whome that she doth take
Shall haue a fart though myn ars ake

A mayde that marryeth not caryng whome

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And doeth repent whan she cometh home
Shall haue a fart to by her a come

He that dooth drynke euermore
And wyll not shyfte to paye therfore
Sall haue a fart for to set no his score

He that goeth to a fray at the begynnyng
And to a good meale at the latter endyng
Shall haue a farte for his good attendyng

He that gooth oft where he is not welcom
And to his fryndes hous gooth but seldom
Shall haue a fart for his good wesdom.

Mayſters Jyll.
Now hold your hand and make a stay there
Howe many fartes haue I bequest here
For by my trouth I am almost wery.
The Curat.
For soth mayſtres, here is iomp four & twenty
Mayſtres Jyll.
Nay set in one mo, to make a hole quarteron
Curate
Tell me what, and it shalbe done anon
Mayſtres Jyll
Mary, he that dooth his wepen lend
And hath nothyng hym selfe to defende
Shall haue a fart, and there an end.
Thele I do bequeth in especiall
But as for all the other in generall
That are without nombre, shall not be swerued
But delt to all suche as haue them deserued

But tary I pray you all ye pleasse
For I fele me sodeynly euell at easse
It is a styche, tomblyng in my syde
Which dooth greue me at many a tyde
I must rest me tyll the pang be gone
For other medicyn knowe I none
It cometh in maner of a wynd
That causeth my bely for to grynd
I feare it will turne to a strangury
To an vnicom, or to a tympany
With qualmes & stytches it doth me torment
That all my body is torne and rent
I haue a lytell box full of dyacutum
I dare not for nygorshyp take sum
I wis I am vnwyse so for to spare it
For I should take ther of a fore the fet

The Curat

With that she groned, as panged w̄ payne
Gryppyng her bely with her hands twayne
And lyft vp her butook som what a wry
And lyke a handgon, she lete a fart fly

Wayfares Jyll.

Ah lyra, mary a way the mare
The deuyl geue the sorow and care
For thou haddest me almoost slaine
I pray god thou come neuer a gayne

The Curate

With that sum laughed, & sum did frown
And for shame held ther heades down

Wayfares Jyll.

Be mercy neybours, moch good do it yow
I thank god, I am well eased now

Loo there is my gryef gone and pall
I wyll well that it wold not long laft
I pray you all for to be mery
I gyue it among this company
For to make you some chere with all
For I tell you myn executors shall
Neuer haue all, by god I swere
I wyll deale whyle I am here
Now and than, where as I lyst
By Chryst I tell you, I haue a chyst
Full, that shall be open whyle I lyue
Secretly, and openly for to gyue
I shall haue ynough, I wyll not them spare
As well for other, as myn own welfare
Whan I am dead they that come after me
Sall deale the rest, at theyr necessyte
Therfore as now, thys sufficyent
As concerning this sayd testament
To subcrybe your names it shall not skyll
For I make it but as copy of a wyll
As touchyng the chesys of myn executours
Of my funerals, and surueyours
And other tryfles ye shall not take the payns
Another tyme whan it comes in my brayns
It shalbe ordred after suche a sorte
That some shall not take it as a sporte
But neybours I pray you be not angry
Bycause, that I am so bold and homly
To kepe you here at my folysh reason
Some wyll thynke my wyts be geson
But yet I tell you that all this season
We haue neyther sayd herely nor treason

And yf the take it neuer so at hartes
I wys it is but a bequest of tartes
Wylled to them that without dysplesure
Do that thynge, matter of ther repent
Therfore I wyll you no longer trouble
What mayd, come hyther I shewyour nek
Bryng vs vp shortly a quarte of sek
A cowple of burnes, and let vs haue chese
Lo frendes, ye shall not all your labour lese
I haue as now no better chere to make you
Be mery and welcome, to god I be take you.
Finis.

When ỹ tẽpant was al passed & gõne
And ỹ curate wt maistres Jil alone
Maistres (quod he) if it be your plesaũce
Ye know it is ỹ custam & ordinaũce
Of them ỹ writ a dede, indenture,
That it is of reyght, reason, & skyll (or byll
Some reconmpence of labour for to haue
Gyue what ye lust, for I wyll not craue
By our lady quod she, that is but well said
What Johu how, come hyther mayd
Go call the company a gayne to me
For I haue to say, two woordes or thre
Whan they came, she sayd neyghbours I pray
you, bere record what I do saye
I sent for you, for a certayne purpose
Whiche a for you I dyd dysclose
The truth is so, after the same rate
I dyd send also for mayster curate
To wryte ye sawe my symple testament
Now in dede, as is conuenyent
He doth alke for his labour therfore
In dede bicause he mad no bargaine before
And dooth put it to my conscience
Truli this shall he haue for a recompence
And by cause a fore hand he kewe my mynde
He shall not fynd me to hym vnkynde
A fart and a half, I wil geue hym no les
Nor no more, thys is of my gentylnes
For he that worketh, vnknowing whã to haue
Not half a fart is worthi for to craue

And beſyde that a hood full of bels
why quod the preſte, get I not̄yng els
Than to the deuill, I geue hole fart half ād all
May take it thy ſelfe folyſh ſyr Hoball,
Syr John whypdok, ſyr Jak whyp ſtoke
Syr John ſmellmok, as wyſe as a woodcok,
Ahedge Curat W̄ as mecke wit as a calf
To ſyt ſo long for a fart and a halfe
But to proue your brarnes to be thynner
Or euer ye go, pay for your dynner
This ſhe raeled, as her maner was to ieſt
And ſo with out farwell loſt her dayly geſt
Finis.

¶ Thus endeth Jill of Brantfords teſtament
conteynyng. xxvi. farths and a half.

¶ An exhortacyon,
My mayſters I pray you all that ſhall rede
Or here is lytell prety fantaſy
Paſſeng forth merily in it to proced
The maner how for to deale mooſt egally
This half fart truly for to try
That the Curate for his parte be not denyde
Of the fart and the half, and let the reſt ly
And who ſhal haue ȳ half among you to betrid

In this matter yf ye do agre
Who ſhall haue this half fart ſay ye.

¶ Imprented at London in Lothbury ouer agaynſt
Saint Margarytes church by me
Wyllyam Copland.

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